

"MY WIFE WON'T LET ME"---New Funny Series Begins To-Day

WEATHER---Cloudy, warm to-night and Saturday.

NIGHT EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT.

CORWIN JEWEL THEFT SEQUEL TO ALL-NIGHT PARTY

\$50,000 Robbery Leads to Arrest of Woman Friend of Victim and Bookmaker Who Accompanied Them Home at Dawn.

POLICE BELIEVE LOOT HAS BEEN SHIPPED TO EUROPE.

King Had Access to Mrs. McBettie's Rooms, Where Gems Were Stolen---Was Once Accused of Stealing Jewels from a Notorious Badger.

The police believe the \$50,000 worth of jewels stolen from Mrs. H. Corwin were taken to the house at No. 253 West Forty-fifth street, and to-day Mrs. Elizabeth McBettie, who rents a room there, and Alfred M. King, a bookmaker living at the Hotel Cadillac, were arraigned in the Centre Street Court.

According to the police, the theft followed a remarkable party given in honor of Mrs. Corwin in the Hotel Glenmore, Fifty-fifth street and Seventh avenue, by Mrs. Moulds, well known in the upper Tenderloin.

None of the jewels has been recovered, and the police believe they have been shipped abroad.

Here is the full story of the theft and the arrests, as narrated by Inspector McLaughlin, in charge of the Detective Bureau:

Story of the Robbery.

"Mrs. Corwin, who has been separated from her husband for some time, was an intimate friend of Elizabeth McBettie, who is one of the many who ride up and down Broadway in a cab. They frequently spent the night together. When Mrs. Corwin lived at the Maryland, in Manhattan, she frequently invited the McBettie woman to sleep with her. After one of these occasions Mrs. Corwin missed a diamond incrust heart worth considerable money. "Mrs. Corwin had planned to sail for Europe last Saturday, and her friend, Mrs. Moulds, who is known, gave her what she called a farewell party. Among the guests were Mrs. Corwin, Mrs. Moulds, Mrs. French, Marguerite Stephens and several others whose names we have.

"The party lasted from 10 P. M. Friday, to 4 A. M. Saturday. It was a very gay party, and at 4 o'clock Mrs. McBettie and Mrs. Corwin, accompanied by Alfred M. King and one other man, went to Burns' restaurant to eat. That was closed and they went to Jack's. But at the door the second man, whose name we have, though Mrs. Corwin was not dressed properly for a public dining-room and they all decided to go home.

Left Jewels on Mantel. "The McBettie woman and Mrs. Corwin went to the former's room in Forty-fifth street, where they retired. Before doing so Mrs. Corwin removed her jewels and threw them carelessly on the mantel. It was then daylight. When she woke several hours later the jewels were gone. So was Elizabeth McBettie. We arrested her at Sheepshead.

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The



"Circulation Books Open to All."

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1906

Two Persons Arrested in \$50,000 Jewel Case, and Woman Robbed.



MRS. HARTJE IN BITTER DENIALS SCORES HUSBAND

Brands Accusation of the Negri Hooe as Maliciously False.

(Special to The Evening World.) PITTSBURGH, July 20.—Mrs. Mary Scott Harje, while her face blushed scarlet and her eyes blazed with scorn, declared in most emphatic terms in court to-day that the deposition of the negro coachman, Hooe, that she had been intimate with him was maliciously false.

It was the thirteenth day of the Harje divorce trial and the faithful number served to portend sensational happenings. Even as court opened statements were made that a number of other arrests would be made in the case before night, following startling testimony to be given.

Mrs. Harje, who was surrounded by members of her family, had evidently nerves herself for the ordeal before her, and as she was called to the witness stand she gazed steadily at her husband, Augustus Harje, her face expressing the most pronounced contempt.

Mrs. Harje's counsel were evidently anxious to get through with the difficult task of questioning her on the disagreeable subject, so immediately plunged into it.

"Did Clifford Hooe tell the truth in the deposition accusing you?" she was asked.

"No, it is maliciously false," Mrs. Harje snapped back, and she looked squarely at her husband, who averted his gaze.

Then her eyes sought those of Ed. Harje, the brother of the millionaire libellant, and he, too, was interested in something else.

For the first time Mrs. Harje lost her calm air of self-possession, and everything about her bespoke her bitter hatred for the man whom the law calls her husband.

The first statement by the negro included such terrible charges that it was believed generally that they would not be pressed. The ex-coachman made these accusations in the office of Mr. Ferguson on Oct. 28, and it took the negro four hours to complete the deposition.

"Were you at Mr. Ferguson's office on Oct. 28, when Clifford Hooe made this deposition?" asked Lawyer Freeman.

"Yes, I was there."

This statement by Mrs. Harje caused a stir in court.

"Was the deposition true or false?" Before Mrs. Harje could answer, Mr. Ferguson interrupted on the ground that Mr. Freeman was not following the proper procedure, as the deposition had not been offered in evidence. He contended that the proper course would be to read the deposition to the witness and then let her testify as to its truth.

Judge Fraser overruled the objection and Mr. Freeman asked the stenographer to read the last question. "Was that deposition true or false?" read the stenographer. "It was maliciously false," replied

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The World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

SHOT DOWN BOY BURGLAR AS HE FLED IN STREET

John Peffinger Found 17-Year-Old Carl Bon-sall in Home.

THIEF STARTED TO RUN.

The Publisher Fired at Him as He Dashed Through a Crowd.

WOUNDED IN THE BACK.

Robber Is Linger Between Life and Death at Bellevue Hospital.

A daylight burglar caught at work in the residence of John Peffinger, a publisher, at No. 41-2 St. Mark's place, to-day, dashed for the street and started on a run through the crowd in the direction of the Bowery.

Mr. Peffinger, who discovered the intruder, stood on his stoop, took careful aim and winged his man, half a block away. The injured thief dropped, shot in the back, and is lingering between life and death in Bellevue Hospital, while Mr. Peffinger is under nominal arrest in the Fifth Street station.

On the hospital records the wounded robber is described as Carl Bon-sall, seventeen years old, of No. 24 Bradhurst avenue, Bronx Borough.

Prepared for Burglars.

There have been numerous flat-house burglaries in the vicinity of the Peffinger home recently, and Mr. Peffinger, who is accustomed to carrying large sums of money, bought a revolver and took lessons in marksmanship at a shooting gallery. His family is away and he was alone to-day in the four-story and basement dwelling. The front blinds were drawn and from the street the house appeared to be deserted.

Young Bon-sall entered through the front door by means of a skeleton key. Mr. Peffinger was on the second floor getting ready to start for business when he heard a noise in the lower hall. He tiptoed to the stairway, looking over and saw a young man trying the parlor door.

The intruder happened to look up just as Mr. Peffinger started down the stairs. Like a flash he leaped to the front door and Mr. Peffinger fired a bullet shot at him as he passed through, slamming the door behind.

Fired as Thief Ran.

By the time Mr. Peffinger got to the stoop the thief had half a block away, twisting and squirming through the crowd. There was danger of hitting an innocent party, but Mr. Peffinger had confidence enough in his marksmanship to take a flying shot. He knew that he would lose his quarry in a moment unless he could bring him to a halt.

One shot sufficed. The thief staggered and fell. As he lay on the "walk" he threw a big bunch of skeleton keys into the gutter. Policemen Hartwig placed Mr. Peffinger under arrest and arranged for the removal of Bon-sall to Bellevue.

RAIN WILL FOLLOW THIS HUMID HEAT

This May Not Be Much Better, but It Will Cool Off Some.

WEATHER FORECAST. Forecast for New York City and vicinity: Partly cloudy, warm and humid weather to-night and Saturday; probably showers Saturday and Sunday; light to fresh southwest to south winds.

You can cut it with a knife—the weather. At 3 o'clock the temperature was 71 degrees and the humidity 80 per cent, while at 5 o'clock the temperature was 82 degrees and the humidity 70 per cent.

"If it would only rain," said the office woman as he mopped his brow and hurried for the shower.

But relief is scheduled for Saturday night, when the Federal weather prophets promise rain. Meantime Manhattan melts and worries along in a cold sweat through the muggy sort of summer weather.

"GOLDEN MUSTARD" For Tackling Use Sold by Grocers and Delicatessen Stores.

EVELYN THAW IN NEW STATEMENT CHANGES GROUND

Said to Have Told Four Stories to Lawyers of Her Relations with Slayer and Victim, All of Them Different.

THAW'S GREATEST FEAR EXPOSURE OF HIS LIFE.

Hartridge, His Chosen Attorney, Fights for Possession of Original Reports Made by Alienists of Examination in Which They Found Him Insane.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is proving her title to versatility. To-day at the office of Attorney Clifford W. Hartridge she made a new statement of the events leading up to the murder of Stanford White. It is said to differ in many essentials from the ones she has previously made.

It was the fourth statement she had furnished to a lawyer for her husband's defense in a little less than four weeks. In each of them she purported to tell the exact truth about her relations with Stanford White before her marriage to Harry Thaw and her lack of relations with him between the time of her marriage and his death. Perhaps the most interesting thing about these statements is that no two of them agree. It is alleged, on vital points. Young Mrs. Thaw is said to have exhibited a memory so shockingly poor that she put ex-Judge Olcott out of patience more than once.

In many of its details the brand new deposition which the young wife has just given to Mr. Hartridge is entirely different from her earlier accounts of certain episodes in her life which bear upon the roof-garden murder. It was when Judge Olcott discovered from other witnesses that she had been in Stanford White's company on at least two occasions within the last few months that she began, it is said, to find fault with the insanity plea that had been suggested and to urge Harry Thaw to drop Olcott's firm and hire other lawyers to defend him.

The real reason for Thaw's stubborn determination to risk a trial on the basis of the "unwritten law," rather than be saved by the plea of insanity is plain enough to those who best know the character of the slayer of Stanford White. It is not so much the fear of imprisonment at Matteawan that inspires him in his present attitude of hot-headed defiance of his own flesh and blood. It is the fear of having the hidden side of his own life told in court.

Fears Hidden Life Exposure.

He knows that to bolster the defense of insanity it would be necessary to put in evidence a mass of testimony tending to show that his nature is perverted, that he was guilty of practices as unusual as any that have ever been charged against the man he killed. The petition of Ethel Thomas, who sued him for lashing her with a whip; the records of the attack which he made on the balcony at the Hotel Cecil in London and the affidavits of a dozen men and women in New York and San Francisco who saw him escape would all be exhibited publicly. That is why Thaw is willing to take the long chance of sitting in the chair with the straps on it.

Something of the inner workings of the minds of Harry Thaw and his present counsel should to-day in Part I of the Supreme Court. Before Justice McLean there appeared Clifford W. Hartridge to move the signing of the order for which he applied on Saturday directing Black, Olcott, Gruber & Boyne to turn over to him all papers in their possession affecting the defense of Harry Thaw.

In Doubt as to Papers.

Terrence J. McManus, of Judge Olcott's office, objected to the signing of the order at this time.

He explained that his firm had voluntarily surrendered to Mr. Hartridge all the papers to which they believed he was properly entitled, but that before giving up certain others Judge Olcott desired, explained Mr. McManus, to have the opinion of the members of the Thaw family. Their money had been paid for the securing of these particular documents; and it was not certain that they could be regarded as pertaining directly to the case of Harry Thaw.

Justice McLean took the matter under advisement until Monday. Nevertheless Mr. Hartridge seemed exceedingly well pleased with the progress he had made. As he left the court he said:

"They've admitted my rights anyway. It is now plain that they regard me as Mr. Thaw's attorney."

Mr. Hartridge declined to specify the particular papers which he so greatly coveted, but from another quarter it was learned that the documents still retained by Judge Olcott pending a conference with Mrs. William Thaw, the prisoner's mother, include the reports of Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton and Dr.

Ship.

About Testimonials!

DR. CUREALL—Would you be kind enough to give me a testimonial letter to the effect that your dog needed no further medical treatment after taking one bottle of my famous remedy, "Makewell?"

VISITOR—Most certainly, doctor. I can conscientiously say that my dog is no longer ill and needs no more of your medicine. [Aside—The one bottle you gave him made further treatment quite unnecessary—he is dead.]

That's ONE kind of a Testimonial.

The OTHER kind is that born of profound gratitude for "value received," for "services rendered"—that which voices the sentiments of a WHOLE COMMUNITY instead of one lightning-struck, glory-sharing testator.

Was a more convincing—a more conclusive—testimonial ever tendered an advertising medium than this:

3,152 Individual, Paid-For Advertisements Were Printed in THE WORLD Yesterday. 1,228 More Than in Any Other New York Newspaper.

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